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A N

H Y M N

T O

M A Y.

By WILLIAM THOMPSON, ^KM. A.
of *Queen's College Oxon.*

----- *Resolv'd to pay*
Observance to the Month of Merry May.
DRYDEN'S CHAUCER.
Virginibus, Puerisque canto. ----- HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by R. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall*;
T. WALLER in *Fleetstreet*; and M. COOPER
at the Globe in *Pater-noster-Row*.

(Price One Shilling.)

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TO

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4 volumes, Part 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th. Hor.

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P R E F A C E.

AS SPENSER is the most descriptive and rural of all our English writers, I attempted to imitate his manner, in the following vernal POEM. I have been very sparing of the Antiquated Words, which are too frequent in most of the imitations of this Author; however, I have introduc'd a few here and there, which are explain'd at the bottom of each page where they occur. Shakespear, is the POET OF NATURE, in adapting the affections and passions to his characters; and Spenser in describing her delightful scenes and rural beauties. His lines are most musically sweet; and his descriptions most delicately abundant, e'vn to a wantonness of painting: but still it is the Music and Painting of Nature. We find no ambitious ornaments, or epigrammatical turns, in his writings, but a beautiful simplicity; which pleases far above the glitter of pointed wit.

endea-

iv P R E F A C E.

endeavour'd to avoid the affectation of the one, without any hopes of attaining the graces of the other kind of writing.

Te sequor, O nostræ Gentis Decus ! inque tuis nunc

Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis :

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem

Quod Te imitari avelo : Quid enim contendas Hirundo

Cycnis ? - - -

LUCRETIUS.

A modern writer has, I know, objected against running the verse into Alternate and Stanza : But Mr. Prior's authority is sufficient for me, who observes that Stanza allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse. As I profess'd my self in this Canto to take Spenser for my model, I chose the Stanza ; which I think adds both a sweetness and solemnity at the same time, to subjects of this rural and juvenile nature. The most descriptive of our old Poets have always used the Stanza from Chaucer down to Fairfax, and even long after him. I follow'd Fletcher's measure in his *Purple Island* ; a Poem printed at Cambridge in 12 Cantos in quarto, scarce heard of in this age, yet the best in the Allegorical Way, (next to the *Fairy Queen*) in the English language. The Alexandrine line, I think,

is

P R E F A C E. v

is peculiarly graceful at the end of the Stanza, and is an improvement on Shakespear's Venus and Adonis. After all, Spenser's hymns will excuse me for using the Stanza ; and Scaliger in the third book of his Poetics, tells us, (from Dydimus) that the Hymns of the Athenians were sung to the lyre, the pipe, or some musical instrument : And Stanza, of all other kinds of verse is, certainly, lyrical. But enough of the Stanza : For (as Sir William Davenant observes in his admirable preface to Gondibert) numbers in verse, like distinct kinds of music, are composed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. I hope, I have no apology to make for describing the beauties, the pleasures, and the loves of the Season in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the subject requir'd a luxuriouſness of versification, and a softness of sentiment ; but they are pure and chaste at the same time : Otherwise this Canto had neither been ever written, or offer'd to the public. If the sentiments and verse be florid and tender, I shall excuse myself in the words of Virgil (tho' not in his sense)

Nunc mollia Tempora fandi.

A R G U.

A R G U M E N T.

SUBJECT propos'd. *Invocation of MAY.*

Description of Her. Her Operations on

Nature. Bounty recommended; in particu-

lar at this Season. Vernal Apostrophe. Love

the ruling Passion in MAY. The Celebra-

tion of Venus her Birth-Day in this Month.

Rural Retirement in Spring. Conclusion.

A N



A N
H Y M N to M A Y.

I.



THEREAL daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Favonius ; ever-gentle MAY !
Shall I, unblam'd presume of Thee to sing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay ?

5 Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain ;
My numbers languish in a softer vein :
I pant, too remulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

II.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when winter blackens nature's face ;
10 When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains from their base :

Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, & earth's fair children die?
Where

III.

15 Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond-tow'r,
 Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide ;
 In light embosom'd; happy and secure
 From winter-age, thou chusest to abide.
 Blest residence ! For, there, as Poets tell,
 20 The pow'rs of Poetry and Wisdom dwell ;
 Apollo, wakes the Arts ; the Muses, strike the shell.

IV.

Certes o'er Rhedicyna's lawrel'd mead,
 (For ever spread, ye lawrels, green and new !)
 The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,
 25 And secret blessings of poetic-dew.
 They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
 With flame recruited for th' æthereal road ;
 And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their Father-god.

Ver. 15. — *Leda's twins,*] Castor and Pollux.

Ver. 20. The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful Poem called *Urania*. Lib. 2. De Geminis.

Ver. 22. *Certes*] Surely, certainly. *Ibid.* — *Rhedicyna*, &c. Oxford.

Ver. 28. — *fair as their Father-god.*] Jupiter deceiv'd Leda in the shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

Where
 For which the nations pine, & earth's fair children die,
 No

An HYMN to MAY.

9

V.

No sooner April, trim'd with † Girlands gay,
30 Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers ;
But, in the Eastern-pride of beauty, May,
To gladden earth, forsakes her heav'nly bow'rs,
Restoring Nature from her palsy'd state.
April, retire ; * ne longer, Nature, wait :
35 Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.

VI.

Come, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might,
Lead, briskly, on the mirth-infusing hours,
All-recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar, nurtur'd ; and involv'd in flow'rs :
40 By Spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb ;
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom ;
By Venus'-self (for Venus'-self demands thee) come !

VII.

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens, in the wood-bin-groves,
45 To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride ;
By billing Turtles, and by cooing Doves ;
By the youth's plainings, stealing on the air,
(For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, repair.

B.

With

† Girlands. Garlands. * Ne. Nor.

An HYMN to MAY.

VII.

50 With dew bespangl'd, by the Hawthorn-buds,
 With freshness breathing, by the daisy'd plains;
 By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
 And jovial § roundelays of nymphs and swains;
 In thy full energy, and rich array,
 55 Delight of earth and heav'n! O blessed May!
 From heav'n descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe to
 stay.

IX.

She comes! -- A silken * Camus emral'd-green,
 Gracefully loose, §§ adown her shoulder's flows,
 (Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' Queen)
 60 And with the labours of the needle glows,
 † Purfl'd by nature's hand! The amorous air
 And musky-western breezes, fast, repair,
 Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair.

§ Roundelays. Songs.

§§ Adown. And down.

* Camus. A light Gown.

† Purfl'd. Flowrish'd with a Needle.

Her

An HYMN to MAY.

II

X.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
65 With the gay honours of the spring intwind,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glitt'ring on the sun, and scents the wind,
Lovefick with odours! --- Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
70 Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

XI.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lillies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel-face.
75 The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
The air and seas illumines, the earth and skies;
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise:

XII.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,
Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
80 Attended by the silver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair.
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
Her naked bosom down the Æther sails;
Her bosom breaths delight; her breath the spring
exhales. All

An HYMN to MAY.

XIII.

85 All as the Phenix, in Arabian skies,
 New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral Pyres;
 At large, in roseal undulation, flies;
 His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires;
 Around their King the plummy nations wait,
 90 Attend his triumph, and augment his state:
 He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins th' Æthereal
 height.

XIV.

So round this Phenix of the gawdy year
 A thousand, nay ten thousand sports and smiles,
 Fluttering in gold, along the Hemisphere,
 95 Her praises chaunt; her praises glad the isles.
 Conscious of her approach (to deck her bow'rs)
 Earth, from her fruitful lap and bosom, pours,
 A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

Ver. 87. — *In roseal Undulation.*] *Pliny* tells us. *Lib. 11.* That the Phenix is about the bigness of an eagle: The feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See *Claudian's* fine poem on that subject and *Marcellus Donatus*, who has a short dissertation on the Phenix in his observations on *Tacitus*. *Annal. Lib. 6.*

Narcissus

AN HYMN to MAY.

13

XV.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd ;
 100 Ah foolish ! still to love the fountain-brim :
 Sweet Hyacinth, by Phæbus * erst bemoan'd ;
 And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.
 Whate're, Armida, in thy gardens blew ;
 Whate're the sun inhales, or sips the dew ;
 105 Whate're compose the chaplet on Ianthes' brow.

XVI.

He who † undaz'd can wander o'er her face,
 May gain upon the solar-blaze at noon ! —
 What more than female sweetness, and a grace
 Peculiar ! save, Ianthé, thine alone,
 110 Ineffable effusion of the day !
 So very much the same, that Lovers say,
 May is Ianthé ; or the dear Ianthé, May.

Ver. 99. *Narcissus*.] A beautiful youth who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himself, and pining away was changed into a flow'r which bears his name. See OVID. *Metamorph. Lib. 3.*

* Erst. Formerly : long ago.

† Undaz'd. Undazzled.

Ver. 101. *Sweet Hyacinth*.] Belov'd and turned into a flow'r by Apollo. See the story in OVID. *Met. Lib. 10.* There is likewise a curious dialogue in Lucian betwixt Mercury and Apollo on this subject. Servius in his notes on VIRGIL's second Bucolick takes the Hyacinth to be the *Vaccinium* of the Latines, bearing some similitude with the name.

Ver. 103. *Armida, in thy gardens blew*.] See Tasso's *Il Goffredo. Canzo 16.*

An HYMN to MAY.

XVII.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
 The lesser lamps of night in * sheen excell;
 115 So far in sweetness and in beauty May
 Above all other months doth bear the bell.
 So far as May doth other months exceed
 So far in virtue and in § goodlihead
 Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the † meed.

XVIII.

120 Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,
 To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:
 He weaves the lawrel-chaplet with the vine,
 And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.
 Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
 125 For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
 He darts into her arms, and rushes from his pain.

XIX.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
 Roll to harmonious measures, active all!
 Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
 130 Exult to celebrate thy festival.
 Fire glows intenser; softer, blows the air;
 More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more fair:
 Earth, water, air and fire, thy gladning impulse share.

* Sheen. *Brightness. Shining.* † Meed. *Prize.* § Goodlihead. *Beauty.*

XX.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,
 135 O'erflowing brightness stream their golden rays !
 Heav'ns azure kindles with the varying dyes,
 Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.
 Air whitens ; wide the tracts of Æther been
 With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
 140 And all above, is blue ; and all below is green.

XXI.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar,
 And foamy surges of the mad'ning main,
 Forget to heave their mountains to the shore ;
 Diffus'd into the level of the plain.
 145 For thee, the Halcyon builds her summer's-nest ;
 For thee, the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,
 Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

XXII.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,
 When Jupiter the earth hath richly showr'd,
 150 Striding the clouds, a bow * dispredden-wide
 As if with light inwove, and gayly flowr'd
 With bright variety of blending dyes ?
 White, purple, yellow melt along the skies,
 Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

† Been. *Are.* * Dispredden. *Spread.*

XXIII.

155 The earths embroidery then have ye ey'd,
 And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white.
 Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, died
 In Flora's liv'ry, painted by the light.
 Lights' painted children in the breezes play,
 160 Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,
 Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

XXIV.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
 The flowrs, the herbs, the plants, their incense roll ;
 The Orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd Birth ;
 165 The Vermil-gardens breath the spicy soul.
 Grateful to May, the Nectar-spirit flies,
 The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
 The Zephyrs balmy load, ambitious of the skies.

XXV.

The Bee, the golden daughter of the spring,
 170 From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,
 And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
 With all the essence of the flushing groves :
 Extracts the aromatick soul of flow'rs,
 And, humming in delight, its waxen Bow'rs
 175 Fills with the luscious spoil, and lives ambrosial hours.
 Touch'd

XXVI.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolicks and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.
180 The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
(High arch'd his neck) and snuffing, hopes the dap-
[pled train.

XXVII.

The' æreal songsters sooth the list'ning groves:
The mellow thrush; the † ouzle sweetly shrill,
185 And little linnet celebrate their loves
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill;
The soaring lark; the lowly nightingale
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy musick dies along the dale.

XXVIII.

190 This gay exuberance of gorgeous spring,
The gilded mountain; and the herbag'd vale;
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain and the breathing dale.
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
195 The vales, the mountains and the spring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

C

When

† Ouzle. Blackbird.

XXIX.

When nature laughs around, shall man alone
 Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?
 When nature sings, shall nature's glory groan,
 200 And languish for the pittance poor of bread?
 O may the man that shall his image scorn,
 Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
 Die & unanell'd and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

XXX.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so.)
 205 Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
 Which never melted at another's woe,
 Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.
 His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
 Who hears the needy crying at his door,
 210 Who hears them cry, † ne reck; but suffers them be
 [poor.

XXXI.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he
 Let honour crown him and eternal rest,
 Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
 Flows out to * nurse Innocence distressed.
 215 His ear is open to the widows cries,
 His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;
 Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's eyes.

* Unanell'd, *Without a funeral Nell.*

• Nurse, *To nurse.*

† Ne recks, *Nor is concern'd.*

XXXII.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
 *Ne may the boading owl with fereeches wound
 220 The solemn silence of the quiet night,
 Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound,
 Ne damned ghost † affray with deadly yell
 The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
 To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

XXXIII.

225 Ne witches rife gibbets, by the moon,
 (With horror winking, trembling all with fear)
 Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
 Nor Imp in visionary shape, appear,
 To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;
 230 Ne let Hobgoblin, ne the Ponk, profane
 With shadowy glare the light, and mad the bursting
 brain.

* Ne. Nor.

† Affray. Affright.

XXXIV.

Yet fairy-elves (so ancient custom's will)
 The green-gown'd fairy elves, by flarry † sheen,
 May gambol or in valley or on hill,
 235 And leave your footsteps on the circled green.
 Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
 Full * featly, Ob'ron, Thon o'er grass-turf bound :
 Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no ground.

XXXV.

Ne bloody rumours violate the ear,
 240 Of citys' sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,
 With plague or sword, with pestilence or war ;
 Ne rueful murder stain thy æra-date ;
 Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,
 The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,
 245 At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ver. 225.—*So ancient custom's will.*] The Lemuria, or rites sacred to the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See Ovid. Fast. l. 5. &c. They imagined the Lemures (in English, Fairies) to be like ghosts of deceased persons : But our traditional accounts are very different in respect to the nature of Fairies. Shakespear's *Midsummers Night's Dream*, Drayton's *Fairy Tale*, and a celebrated Ballad, (which is in an old collection of songs, without the name of the author, and often since reprinted in miscellanies, &c. for a modern composition,) are master-pieces in their kind.

† Sheen. *Brigbness.*

* Featly. *Nimbly.*

** Ne. *Nor.*

Ne

XXXVI.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
 Ne voice of misery assault the heart ;
 Ne fatherless from table be debar'd ;
 Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start.
 250 But plenty, pour thy self into the bowl
 Of bounty-head ; may never want controul
 That good, good honest man, who feeds the famish'd
 soul.

XXXVII.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep ;
 The viol wake alone, and tender flute :
 255 The Phrygian Lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
 And, Erato dissolve the Lydian lute.
 Yet Clio frets, and burns, with honest pain,
 To rouse and animate the martial strain,
 Since *William* charg'd the Foe at well-fought *Cul-*
loden.

XXXVIII.

260 The trumpet sleeps, but soon for Thee shall wake,
 Illustrious CHIEF ! to found thy mighty name,
 (Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake)
 Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame.
 Mean while, disdain not (so the Virgins pray)
 265 This rosy crown, with Myrtle wove and Bay ;
 (Too humble crown I ween :) the offering of May.

And

An HYMN to MAY.

XXXIX.

And while the Virgins hail thee with their voice,
 Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flow'rs,
 And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
 270 To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours :
 Indulge the season and with sweet repair
 Embay thy limbs, the vernal blessing share :
 Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for foreign war.

XL.

Through kind infusion of celestial pow'r.
 275 The dullard-earth, May quick'neth with delight :
 Full suddenly the seeds of joy § recure
 Elastick spring, and force within || empight.
 If senseless Elements invigorate prove,
 By genial May ; and heavy matter move,
 280 Shall shepherdesse cease, shall shepherds fail to love ?

XLI.

Ye shepherdesse, in a goodly round,
 Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,
 Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground
 And † deffly lead the dance along the glade ;
 285 (O may no showres your merry-makes affray !)
 Hail at the op'ning, at the closing day,
 All hail, ye * Bonnibels, to your own Season, May.

§ Recure, Recover.
 † Deffly, Finely.

|| Empight, Placed, Fixed.
 * Bonnibels, Pretty Women.

An H Y M N to M A Y.

123

XLII.

Nor ye absent yourselves ye shepherd swains,
But lead to dance and song the liberal May,
290 And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing:
The woods shall echo May, with May the vallies ring.

XLIII.

295 Your May-pole deck with flow'ry Coronal;
Sprinkle the flow'ry Coronal with wine;
And in the nimble footed Galliard, all,
Shepherds and Shepherdesses, lively, join.
Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,
300 From bordering cot and distant * glenne repair:
Let youth indulge its sport, to § Eld' bequeath its care.

XLIV.

Ye wanton Dryads and light-tripping Fawns,
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of ** lustyhead,
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;
305 O come with rural chaplets gay dispread:
With heel so nimble wear the springing græs;
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tingling bräs,
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apäce.

* Glenne. *A Country Borough.* § Eld. *Old Age.* ** Lusty-head. *Vigour.*

XLV.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,
 310 A quivering splendor on the ocean hung,
 And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
 The Queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.
 The Dolphins gambol o'er the wat'ry way,
 Carrol the Naïds, while the Triton's play,
 315 And all the sea-green sisters bless the holy-day.

XLVI.

In honour of her natal-month the Queen
 Of bliss and beauty, consecrates her hours,
 Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
 To buxom Ladies, and their Paramours.
 320 Love tips with golden alchimy his dart;
 With rapt'rous anguish, with an honey'd smart
 Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

XLVII.

A softly-swelling hill, with Myrtles crown'd,
 (Myrtles to Venus † algates sacred been)
 325 Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
 For ever fragrant and for ever green,
 O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
 By beauty form'd for amorous regale.
 Was ever hill so sweet, as sweetest Acidale?

† Algate, ever.

An HYMN to MAY.

23

XLVIII.

All down the fides, the fides profuse of flow'rs,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
Through mossy grotto's Amaranthine bow'rs,
And form a laughing flood in Vale below:
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces † bay,
335 (When Summer sheds insufferable day)
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of play.

XLIX.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
340 Who yield obeyfance to the Cyprian Boy:
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;
Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to Beauty's Queen, or Lover's tender tale.

L.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her Court
345 In light festivity and gladfome game:
The young and gay, in frolick troops resort,
Withouten censure and withouten blame.
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day; the day, on night:
350 Each Knight, his Lady loves; each Lady loves her Knight.

D

Where

† Bay, Bathe.

LI.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)
 In idle wilderness or desert drear,
 To Beauty's sacred pow'r an enemy?
 Let foul fiends † harrow him; I'll drop no tear.
 355 I deem that * Carl, by beauty's pow'r unmov'd,
 Hated of heav'n, of none but hell approv'd.
 O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

LII.

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
 Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling sting,
 560 And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;
 Beauty the mother and the child of spring!
 Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;
 Beauty, to Woman, Wit to Man is given;
 Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of Heav'n.

LIII.

365 Alliance sweet! let Beauty, Wit approve,
 As Flow'rs to Sunshine ope the ready breast:
 Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love:
 The best alone is grateful to the best.
 Perfection has no other parallel:
 370 Can Light, with Darkness; Doves with Ravens dwell?
 As soon, † perdie, shall Heav'n Companion hold with Hell.

† Harrow. Destroy.
 asserting any thing.

* Carl. A Clown.

† Perdie. An old Word for

LIV

I sing to you, who love alone for love :
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools before)
Can win ; the brighter wit shall never move :
375 But folly is to wit the certain Cure.
Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of Gold.

LV.

Not Julia such; the higher honour deem'd
380 To languish in the Sulmo-Poets arms,
Than by the potentates of earth esteem'd,
To give to scepters and to crowns her charms.
Not Laura such: in sweet Vauchusa's Vale
She list'ned to her Petrarch's amorous tale.
385 But did poor * Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail?

LVI.

Howe'er that be ; in Acidalian shade,
 Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day ;
 No dreams of banishment his loves invade ;
 Encircled in eternity of May.
 390 Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
 On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :
 And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

LVII.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,
 That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :
 395 Pipe on of Lovers the most loving Swain !
 Of bliss and melody O take thy fill.
 Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
 Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my stile ;
 Ne quit for Acidale, fair Albion's happy isle.

Ver. 385. — — — — In Acidalian shade, &c.] These three celebrated Poets and Lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banish'd on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early ; as he himself tell us in his account of his own life : These are his Words. *Amore acerrimo, sed unico & bonesto, in Adolescentia laboravi, & diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepescerem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis, extinxisset.* See his works, Basil, fol. tom. 1. Yet others say, she married another person ; which is scarce probable ; since Petrarch lamented her death for ten years afterwards as appears from Sonetto 313, with a most unexpressed effusion of passion. Thomasinus in his curious book, called *Petrarcha Redivivus*, has given us two prints of Laura, with an account of her family, their loves, and his sweet retirement in Vaucluse. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his Love for Rosalinda proved unsuccessful from his pathetic complaints in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore thought it only a poetical kind of justice to reward them in this imaginary Retreat of lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered here on account of their passion.

An HYMN to MAY.

29

LVIII.

400 Come then, Ianthe! milder than the Spring,
And grateful as the rosy mouth of May,
O come; the birds the Hymn of Nature sing,
Inchanting-wild, from every bush and spray
Th' odorous gemms swell teeming from the Vine,
405 A luscious promise of the future Wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genious to refine!

LIX.

Let us our steps direct where Father-Thames
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval-stream,
410 Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away!)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shep-
[herds play.

LX.

Or chuse you rather Theron's calm retreat,
415 Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,
At once the Muses and the Graces seat
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the Odours of the Mazy Grove:
420 Hark how the Turtles coo: I languish too with love.
420 Amid

HYMNIMAY.

LXI.

Amid the pleasure of Arcadian scenes,
 Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
 Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
 Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.
 425 You, dear Janthe, you alone impart
 Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
 The Apple of my Eye, the life-blood of my Heart.

LXII.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
 Beneath this Oaken umbrage let us lay,
 430 And from the water's crystal bosom steal
 Upon the grassy bank the finny prey
 The Perch, with purple speckled manifold;
 The Eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,
 And Carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

LIII.

435 Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
 And nature's pencil gay-diversify'd,
 (For now the sun has lick'd away the dew)
 Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride?
 Thither, (for they invite us) we'll repair,
 440 Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
 A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair

AN HYMN TO MAY.

315

LXIV.

Fair is the lilly, clad in balmy snow;
 Sweet is the rose, and spring the smiling eye;
 Nipt by the winds, their heads the lillies bow;
 445 Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and dye.
 Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
 O think! in the cruel time days waste
 The roses of the cheek, the lillies of the breast.

LXV.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
 450 The present freshness of thy springing prime:
 Bestow thy graces on the god of love,
 Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.
 In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
 Ianthe! now, now love thy spring away;
 455 Ere cold October blasts despoil the bloom of May.

LXVI.

Now up the Chalky mazes of yon Hill,
 With grateful diligence, we wind our way;
 What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
 And, wide their rural luxury display!
 460 Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and Cots and spires,
 Villa's of learned Clerks, and gentle Squires:
 The Villa of a Friend the Eye-sight never tires.

LXVII.

If er'e to thee and Venus, May, I strung
 The gladsome lyre, when *livelood swell'd my veins,
 465 And Eden's nymphs and Isis damisels sung
 In tender elegy, and pastoral strains;
 Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bow'r's,
 O green his gardens, O perfume his flow'rs,
 O bless his morning walks and sooth his ev'ning hours.

LXVIII.

470 Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
 The Walks of Nature, still to virtue kind,
 For sacred Solitude can never cloy;
 The Wisdom of an uncorrupted mind
 O very long may Hymen's golden chain
 475 To earth confine you and the rural-reign;
 Then soar, at length, to heav'n! nor pray O muse, in vain.

LXIX.

Wherer'e the Muses haunt, or Poets muse,
 In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
 Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,
 480 Thy vernal stores, by Poets most desir'd,
 Of living fountain, of the wood-bin shade,
 Of Philomel, thick warbling from the glade.
 Thy bounty, in his verse, shall Certes be repay'd.

On

* Livelood, *Liveliness*.

An H Y M N to M A Y.

33

LXX.

On Twit'nam bow'rs (who knows not Twit'nam bow'rs)

485 Thy thickest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flow'rs;

* Albè the tuneful Master (ah!) be dead.

To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,

My reed to warble, to resound my string:

490 The king of Shepherd's He, of Poet's He the king.

LXXI.

Hail, happy scenes, where Joy wou'd chuse to dwell;

Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;

Hail musick, which the Muses || scant excell;

Hail Flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.

495 Ye Linnets, Larks; ye Thrushes, Nightingales;

Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,

Ye ever-happy scenes! all you, your Poet hails.

LXXII.

All-hail to thee, O M A Y! the crown of all!

The Recompence and glory of my song:

500 Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,

If gentle ladies, and the Tuneful Throng,

With lovers myrtle, and with Poet's Bay

Fairly † bedight, approve the simple lay,

And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee, M A Y!

* Albé, *Albo*. || Scant. *Scarcely*. † Bedight, *Adorn'd*.

LXX.

On Twit nam bow'r (who knows not Twit nam bow'r)

Thy thickest plerinde of beauties shed,

Thick as the winter flares, or summer flows;

Alas the trustful Master (all) be dead.

To Colin next he taught my youth to sing

My reed to warble, to rebound my string;

The king of shepherds: He, of Poet's He the king.

LXXI.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy would chide to dwell;

Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;

Hail, myrtle, which the Muses deem excel;

Hail flowers, not unworthy Venus' crown.

Ye Linnet, Lark; ye Thrush, Nightingale;

Ye hills, ye plains ye groves, ye streams, ye glades,

Ye ever-happy scenes! all you, your Poet hail.

LXXII.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!

The Recompence and glory of my song;

No small the recompence, no glory small,

If gentle ladies, and the Trustful throng,

With lovers myrtle, and with Poet's Bay

Fairly & bedight, approve the simple lay.

And think on Thomasin when'er they hail thee, May!